



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

hypothesis. The Druids were, doubtless, a branch of the Phœnician priesthood. The latter is accused by a writer on the spot, of addiction to a similar oak worship, "*Ye shall be ashamed of the oaks that ye have chosen.*" Moses himself, a member of the Egyptian priesthood, erected a *Druidic Cromlech*, or *circle of twelve stones*, in the same country.

"During the funereal rites of Adonis at Byblos, *Leeks* and onions were exhibited in 'pots with other vegetables, and called the Gardens of the Deity.' The Leek was worshipped at Ascalon, (whence the modern term of Scallions), as it was in Egypt, at which latter worship Juvenal sneers—

—*porrum nefas violare ac frangere morsu.*

"*Leeks* and onions were also deposited in the sacred chests of the mysteries both of Isis and Ceres, the *Ceudven* of the Druids.

"*Leeks* are frequently seen among the Egyptian hieroglyphics; sometimes a *Leek* appears on the head of Osiris; and it is not uncommon to see one grasped in an extended hand.

"Hence, perhaps, the Italian proverb "*Parro che nasce nella mano,—A leek that grows in the hand,—*for a virtue. *Porrus*, a leek, is derived by Bryant from the Egyptian god Pi-orus, who is the same as the *Baal Peor* of the Phœnicians, and the *Bel* or *Belinus* of the Druids,"

III. LOVE OF THE WELSH FOR THEIR COUNTRY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CAMBRO-BRITON.

SIR,—Love of country is a feeling, that cannot be too highly eulogised, a feeling deeply fixed in the bosoms of the inhabitants of every climate, however rude, and remote from the civilized world, and in none deeper than in the descendants of the ancient Cymry. This is proper:—men ought to love their country, it is the land of their fathers, and its very dust should be sacred with them, as being the remains of mighty men: it it was the glory of their fathers, and should be theirs. The warriors of old were anxious, when falling in a distant land, to be remembered in their own.

Raise my remembrance on the banks of Lora, where my fathers dwelt,

were the words of Carthon to the king of woody Morven; and such is, doubtless, the wish of many a lonely exile.

With regard to love of country, as it concerns our own island, much might be said; no one quits its shores, without some feeling of regret——

The hardest heart will some emotion feel,
As through the waters darts the vessel's keel,
That bears him from the fields, he lov'd to range,
To foreign climes, to scenes and people strange.

But the feeling is not alike with all: the Englishman departs without that acute sensation, which, it might be supposed, would afflict him,—his parting moment is softened by the rich and dazzling prospect, before him, of returning to pass in her bosom the evening of his days. This is a laudable feeling, but not peculiarly his own: the same glows in the bosom of the Caledonian, and the light-hearted son of green Erin. But they have no pining, no sickness of the heart,—

Such as the dove has for its distant mate :
They feel not that malady,
Which calls up green and native fields to view,
Of the sad mountaineer, when, far away
From his snow canopy of cliffs and clouds,
Still he feeds on the sweet but poisonous thought,
And dies.

The one is of that cold calculating nature, which, rising, sweeps down all softer thoughts; the other is too mercurial to think much, or fret long, whatever cause he may have for it; and neither of them has that enthusiasm, which fills the bosom of the Cambrian. They feel not,

As fast and far o'er waves they fly,
And see (faint mingling with the sky),
Their native hills' deep shadows fade,
—every furrow' of the vessel's track
Ploughing into their hearts.

Hope buoys them up, and disperses such emotions: not so the Cambrians, they leave their native mountains, to seek foreign plains reluctantly and slow, like the drops melted from the snow on their hoary summits.

Their hearts are like their native hills
Deep rooted in their parent earth,

And absence but their bosoms fills
 With thoughts of those who gave them birth.
 Their peaceful home, their household hearth,
 Their vallies deep, their mountains high,
 If lost, tho' circled round with mirth,
 They pine for, and despairing die.

This, although a poetical description, is not all fiction; it has been witnessed in foreign climates, and I feel proud in saying, that the only fault, which an Englishman could find with a Welshman, was, that he pined too much for home. They make excellent soldiers, but cannot stand long absence from their country; they sicken, and die of that malady,

Which few can describe, and but fewer can feel.

In short, with the exception of those in the army and navy, few Welshmen emigrate (here I, of course, exclude those who merely come up to London;) but in Asia, in Africa, in America, and in the West Indies, where Europeans abound, the names of Cambria are not very numerous. The negroes have been heard to ask—"Where Welsh buckra? massa, me no see Welsh buckra; me see English buckra, Scotch buckra, me no see Welsh buckra, me pose him like poor *neger*, born in a bush, him no like leaving him country."

So few are the Welsh in a part of the world, where the multitude of Scotchmen, and the manner in which they cling together, has become almost proverbial. To conclude, even those, who cross the border, and seek their fortunes in the gay and giddy capital, feel the blood of their fathers predominate, they are still Cambrians, and devour with greedy ear all news respecting their country. May the spirit, that animate them exist for ever*!

S. R. J.

IV. WELSH INDIANS †.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CAMBRO-BRITON.

SIR,—Permit me to send you a short account of the PA-DOUCAS, supposed to be the Welsh Indians, extracted from

* We fully concur with our correspondent in the wish that such a spirit, as he has described, might "exist for ever." But we must own, we have some misgivings as to the fidelity of the picture he has so feelingly drawn. It is more what it ought to be, we fear, than what it really is.—ED.

† We insert this communication, (which, indeed, has been some time